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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1917.

Save in Every Wise Way—But NEVER At the Expense Of Children

Anything Taken From Them Now, You Can Never Restore.

Do without beef—for the full-grown man it is not necessary.

Eat as little wheat as possible—that won't hurt you if you are full grown.

Get along without sugar in your coffee and tea, no harm in that.

But do not save ANYTHING at the expense of a child's present growth or future power and value to the nation.

We want to help England all we can—but not at the expense of OUR CHILDREN.

We want to send everything possible to France, Italy, and Russia, but not at the expense of OUR CHILDREN.

Save on yourself, deny YOURSELF.

But, FEED YOUR CHILDREN, no saving there. Sacrifice in the present, but do not rob the future.

You do not need sugar, but the child cannot go without it.

A reasonable, wholesome supply of sugar, the simplest kinds of candy, in moderation—these are necessary for the child's growth and health.

Good food, nourishing food, the child must have. See that the child gets it.

You read with horror and pity that in Europe, and in Germany especially, what is called "starvation typhus" is prevalent among children, because they have been deprived of the foods that they need.

This nation wants and will tolerate no such attack on the children of America.

Every sacrifice for grown men today—YES.

Any robbing of the future generation, any stealing from the power, energy and value of the Americans that are to replace us in the next generation—NO.

Save on yourself, not on your children.

Sacrifice and deny yourself that you may send all to our allies abroad.

But, THE CHILDREN AT HOME FIRST AND ALWAYS. *No saving at their expense.*

We Give an Assignment to Editor-Secretary Daniels

He Calls It Down Upon His Own Head, and Must Attend to It.

An editorial on good books was published on Sunday at the request of Walter Williams, dean of the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri.

Many friends have written about that editorial; it interested them, apparently. Here is a letter from Editor Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy:

The Secretary of the Navy,
Washington,
October 28, 1917.

Dear Mr. Brisbane: Your reply to Mr. Walter Williams, an old friend of mine, interested and instructed me, and I am handing it to Jonathan to read. Of course, your fundamental is right and the books you suggest most helpful—most of them necessary.

One omission rather surprised me. You included no study of the life of any real great editor. Do you not think there is a stimulus in the lives of such men. Franklin, Greeley, Samuel Bowles, Joseph Pulitzer, Joseph Medill, Prentiss, Raymond, and a few others to whom you could assign their proper place, would give more direction than any other biography, except, of course, the few biographies of the few truly great men who have trod the earth?

I obtained more from Merriam's Life of Sam Bowles, which I read twenty and more years ago, than from any other biography. Why not include it?

I have just finished your editorial and am writing under the spell of its wise counsel to coming editors. Insist to them always that no man can long write convincingly unless he believes to the core what he writes, and sincerity must be the marrow of all his writings.

Personal responsibility for every statement and refusal to bend the knee to any interest, "that thrift may follow fawning," should be stressed and stressed and stressed again as the beginning and the end. Without such foundation the young editor rears his house in vain.

Sincerely, JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

Editor Daniels, your criticism is just, and here we give you the assignment to write what should have been in that editorial—something about Franklin, Greeley, Bowles, Pulitzer, Medill, Prentiss, and Raymond—or, at least, about Bowles.

We should be inclined to add a few lines about Editor Caesar, who started one of the early newspapers, when he posted up the doings of the Senate on the walls in Rome to get the people on his side, and let the little people know what the big ones were scheming.

There is a whole education in Franklin.

There is a warning in Greeley—don't let us imagine we would make good Presidents, because we are moderately good editors.

There is inspiration in Joseph Pulitzer, who worked like

(Continued at Bottom of Last Column.)

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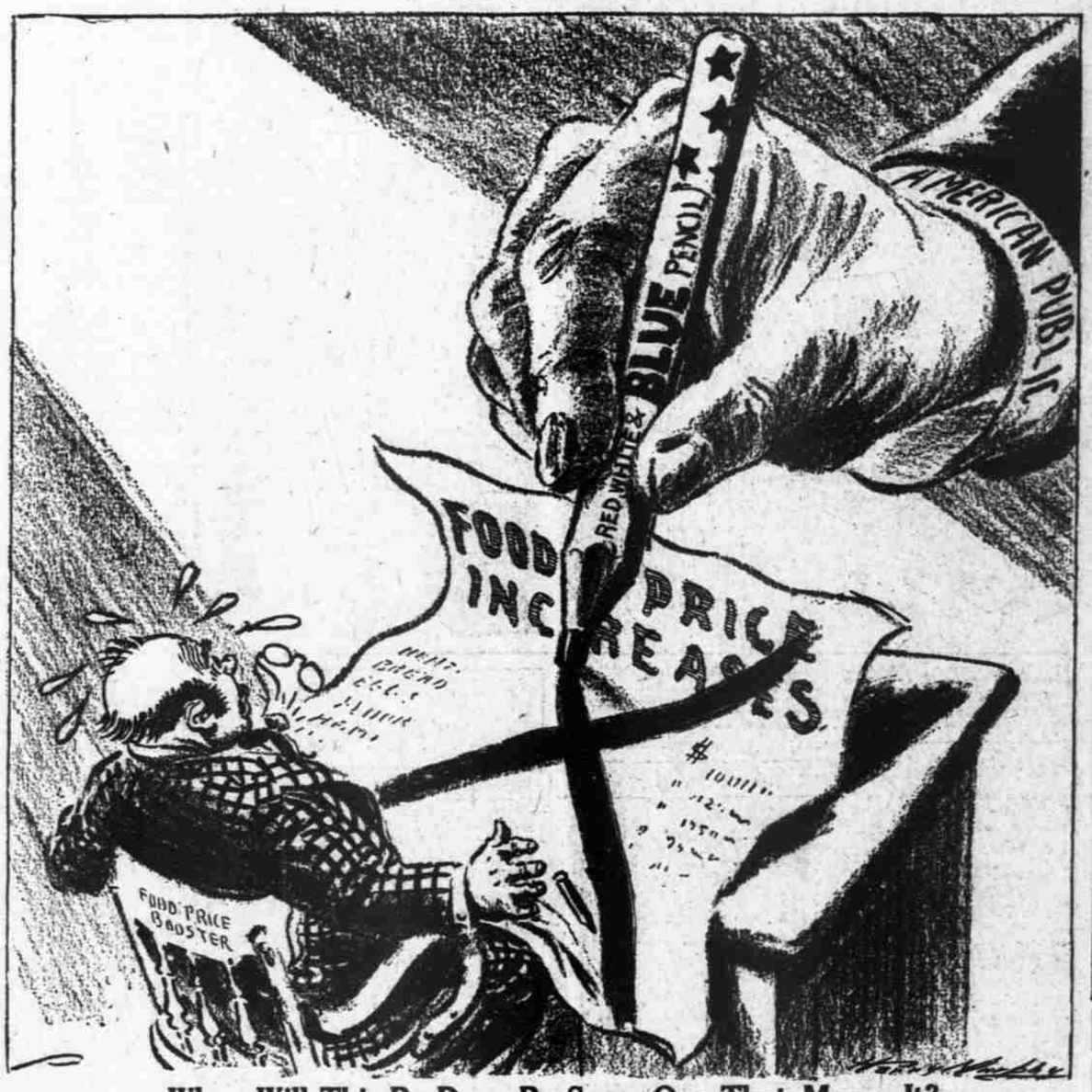

When Will This Be Done By Some One That Means It?

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow On "A Clearing House of Hearts"

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

IN an article written some weeks ago, I jestingly said that it was a pity there was not a clearing house of hearts, where the matrimonial aspirations of young men and young women could be met and liquidated.

My chance remark about the clearing house of hearts brought out a letter from a woman who said that she had lived in the underworld for years and was now, as I gathered, helping in some settlement work.

"I believe," she wrote, "that some method of effecting a proper introduction between the lonely young men and women of our cities would abate 75 per cent of the social evil. Normal boys and girls naturally desire acquaintances among the other sex, and unless they have some opportunity to meet desirable associates they are almost certain to take up with undesirables."

But it remained for a man from the Far West to come forward with an ingenious plan. I give his letter:

"Dear Madam:—

"This may be of service. It was suggested by your article.

"I happened a few years ago to be in a San Francisco business place where a young man of my acquaintance was employed, a nice, wholesome boy, with a normal boy's desire for a good time and the society of girls of his own age. A stranger in the city, though, he had been unable to meet any nice girls, and he had been too well raised by an excellent mother to take up with the other kind.

"On the morning of which I speak I noticed him going about his work listlessly and indifferently. He was evidently desperately lonely, drooping over his job like a chicken with the pip. Then suddenly I saw him straighten up, his expression alert and interested.

"Following his glance out through the open window, I saw a very pretty girl framed in the window of an office across the street, and looking in our direction. The eyes of the two met, and the boy smiled. The girl, taken by surprise, smiled frankly back. There was a mutual attraction.

"But the next second came the realization that she was committing an offense against the conventions. Quickly she averted her eyes, her poise stiffened, the lines about her mouth became frigid and repellant. She could not be induced to look that way again.

"The little incident struck me so forcibly that later, when bantering the lad over his repulse, I made the half serious suggestion of the crying need for a State or city clearing house, where the credentials of young people desiring to know each other could be made up and inspected.

"As I say, I made the suggestion in a jesting way, but I was really surprised at the way it was taken up and favorably commented upon by a group of the young fellows of the establishment who were listening to me. One of them said: 'I am for it. It would be a sure and simple way to protect society from the vampires of both sexes.'

"And speaking seriously, does not the State really owe it to its young people that they should have some better method of meeting each other than through uncensored introductions or by flirtation? And what is more, it owes them better places to associate with each other than the streets and the dance halls; for as our cities have grown, there is an increasing percentage of girls who have no suitable place to receive or entertain their friends."

It seems to me that the importance of this idea cannot be exaggerated. Why would it not be feasible for the municipality to put some plan of this kind into effect, thus giving it the status, in substance and form, of a governmental function, with a power and backing that no institution such as a church, or a neighborhood settlement, or any other purely voluntary association of citizens, could supply.

If the philanthropists in the big cities could be interested in some scheme of this sort, they might settle with one stroke many of the social problems for which at present there seems no answer.

Electrification of Farm Soil To Aid the Farmer

By Garrett P. Serviss.

A REPORT from Sayville, Long Island, says that farmers there aver that their crops, and particularly corn crops, in fields surrounding the great wireless telegraph plant, are much further advanced in proportion as they lie nearer the station. Naturally they ascribe this to the influence of the electric current and waves generated by the powerful apparatus employed in sending dispatches.

A very careful and thorough set of experiments would be required in order to determine with scientific certainty whether the conclusion of the farmers in this case is correct, but I see no reason for rejecting it without examination. Elaborate experiments both in this country and abroad have sufficiently established the fact that it is possible, by means of specially arranged apparatus, designed to send electric current through the soil containing the roots of plants, to both hasten and increase the growth of various kinds of vegetables.

The results obtained have in some instances been very remarkable, and persons interested in the details can find them in the reports of Government agricultural experiment stations. There is nothing mysterious or wonderful about it, except as electricity itself seems a mystery to many people. And, indeed, electricity is mysterious, in the same sense and to the same degree as gravitation is, but not otherwise.

The well-known success of electro-therapeutics, i. e., the application of electricity to the treatment of disease, should alone be enough to make it appear probable that electricity may be used to stimulate vital forces, whether those of animals or plants. Whatever can destroy life can also energize it, all depending upon the manner and degree of application. A bolt of lightning may shatter a mighty tree, but the electric energy concentrated in that bolt, if distributed over an acre of growing crops, might, there is reason to believe, swell the farmer's returns by 20, or even 50, per cent.

We are standing at the opening of a new era, the most wonderful in the world's history; an era that has already received a name before it has been fairly established—"the electric age." We are not yet in that age; we are only on its threshold. Telegraphy, telephony, electro-mechanic power are small things in comparison with what the next generation, or the next but one, will see. Science is just getting a grip on electricity. The applications of electricity to human needs today bear to those of tomorrow about the same relation and proportion that Watt's first experimental engine did to the masterpiece of steam-driven machinery which preceded the dawn of electric power.

When man began to use electricity for a servant he entered a new field of conquest over nature, and laid his hand upon a principle so deep that when he has followed it out to the utmost he may find himself at the limit of human achievement, beyond which only an intelligence superior to his can pass. In this sense the electric age, when fully developed, may be the last, as well as the highest period of humanity, the dimly foreseen "millennium," that has been proclaimed, in one form or another, ever since seers began to prophesy.

The future developments in the utilization of electricity will be proportionately less in a mechanical and more in a vitative direction. Its agency in the phenomena of life will be made manifest, and will be directed for our benefit. Electricity may double the capacity of the earth to support inhabitants. It might save a beleaguered nation from starvation. The difficulty at present is that experiments in electric stimulation of plants and crops are not only very expensive, but require expert knowledge. Hardly any farmer either could, or could afford, to apply them on a scale large enough to give profitable results.

But, in time, this difficulty may be overcome. In a manner suggested by the Sayville report; namely, by the erection of great plants, centrally located in agricultural districts, and capable of distributing electric currents, for use by local apparatus, which might be very simple, while the cost of the current would be but nominal. I should like to see a farming community unite, under the direction of competent scientific advisers, in the erection of an agricultural electric plant.

Suppose the plan should succeed. What a saving might result in the application of expensive fertilizers, becoming every year scarcer and higher priced. And it may be that the needed electricity could be obtained without the aid of dynamos.

Which Would You Do?

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

IF in a neighbor's yard you saw
A vicious beast grown wild,
And if you heard the frightened cry
Of some death menaced child,
Would you pass by without a sign
And say "It's no affair of mine,"
Or would you get your gun?

The world is now our neighbor's yard,
And there the wild beast roams;
And all the children of the earth
Are menaced in their homes.
Will you go culling summer flowers
And say "It's no affair of ours,"
Or will you get your gun?

Teachers' Influence---And Their Pay

If the Pay Were Regulated By Their Influence They Would Be Millionaires—As It Is, a Teacher Is Exhibit A In the Underpaid Class.

By EARL GODWIN.

Teachers are most influential persons. After mothers they are the most important people in the world. The good teacher makes an impression upon the child which will remain with the child through life, and perhaps become a part of the texture of that life after the child has developed into a man or woman. There is no way to tell properly the influence of a teacher.

Sometimes when a lawyer or a doctor or an engineer becomes well known or wise looking he can command enormous amounts of money for his fees. It makes no difference how much or how little he merits those great sums of money, he can command them and they come to him. He makes a loud splash in the community.

But a teacher makes no splash at all. She takes her little flock of boys and girls, and with the wisdom of the ages which makes it possible for women to do so much with children—just because they are women—she adjusts their minds. She is handling an instrument beside which the finest micrometer is a gross toy. As she trains these minds she has enormous power for good. SHE IS THE ONE PERSON IN ALL THE WORLD TO WHOM WE ENTRUST OUR CHILDREN WITHOUT ASKING A QUESTION.

"Whenever a young man becomes Jorden's pupil he becomes his son," said Samuel Johnson, speaking of a teacher he loved. Dr. Johnson gathered his great learning in an age when a child was whipped for not knowing his lesson. If one of those strong-armed British floggers could kindle a life-long love in a pupil, how much greater love and influence should we now attribute to the teacher who leads us into the paths of knowledge and development, rather than kicks us into it?

In this day and age we take our children to a school building and leave our most precious possession in the care of a young woman, and all we know about her is that she has been appointed by the board of education to teach in that school. And our trust is not misplaced. The object of this editorial is not to point out the unstinted reliance we have in our teachers. Rather is it to point out that our reliance is broad and our wage scale is narrow.

So narrow that our Government is cheapened. To think that a first grade teacher, starting at $600, must teach in that grade five years before she will get a salary of $700 a year, when an untrained woman, with a knowledge of office practice, can get a job for more! A kindergarten assistant, into whose hands we give the very little children, never receives more than $600 a year—$50 a month—no matter how good a teacher she is, until she has been transferred out of that great sphere of influence.

After working for many years a teacher may have reached an eighth grade, and even there she must remain five years before she is in possession of $1,200 a year, while office positions paying more than that are in the hands of persons with less ability and much less influence on the world at large.

HEARD AND SEEN

Sixty days for a sixty-five-mile speeder in Judge Mullowny's court. A few more like that, judge, and the surgeons at Casualty and Emergency Hospitals will have fewer strect cases on their hands.

Even at that there's a difference between six months for standing still in front of the White House and moving at a deathly pace over crowded thoroughfares.

Since that outrageous crash on the Washington Railway and Electric Company line near Florida and Connecticut avenues, all the slippery rails on hills have been sanded Human life is not cheaper than a little sand after all.

"Hungry and Homesick Californian" wrote me a letter about the size of lunch one gets for half a dollar in San Francisco, as compared with Washington, and enclosed a copy of a menu. Another Californian who saw the menu says that particular restaurant is eight stories high; has a questionable reputation; sells oceans of liquor every day, and could really afford to give away the lunch. Perhaps this will answer the hungry and homesick one. We haven't that kind of a restaurant in Washington.

Simon Wolf eighty-one years old. The announcement in the news columns simply is a reminder of the fact that Mr. Wolf is an exceptional citizen. Very few men have had so fine a career of American sturdiness. He has to his credit many great things—municipally, nationally, and internationally.

People tell me I should get Mr. A. M. Nevius, of the Riggs National Bank, to relate the story of the pig at Cumberland's boathouse. All right, Mr. Nevius, let's have it.

If you see a soldier walking in the rain today, take him under your umbrella. He's not allowed to carry one.

Ryley Grannon announces he, too, has only one eye.

In fact it's a great season for the Cyclops family.

We Give an Assignment to Editor-Secretary Daniels.

(Continued from First Column.)

a galley slave when his sight was gone; there is warning in him also, for he was too much like an intellectual bloodhound, following closely the scent of his own enterprise, not looking often enough at the sky above him, and the fields around him—until it was too late.

There is, by the way, a good lesson for young editors in the life of Editor Daniels of the navy.

His recent work for the country shows that a man can get a good education and build up a strong character, in a newspaper of moderate size.

The biggest men with the biggest piles of millions from the biggest trusts in the biggest cities have bucked up against Secretary Daniels, and gone away considerably surprised—knowing more than they did about what happens when "an irresistible force meets an immovable obstacle."

It is pleasing to know that Editor Daniels thought The TIMES editorial, in spite of its obvious defects, good enough to show to his promising boy Jonathan.

An editor writing every day, including Sunday, for twenty or thirty years, reminds you of what Johnson said about the woman preacher, "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog standing on its hind legs. It is not that she does it well, you wonder that she does it at all."

Editor Daniels will please write a lesson for young editors, gathered from the lives of great editors, and send in his copy.

It will do him good to attend to this, after a day spent on the serious problems of the navy.

Darwin, at the end of a hard day's work, studying earth worms, used to read fairy stories to rest his mind. Daniels, after a day studying submarines, earth worms of the ocean, will find mental relaxation in writing for young editors.